People said that it was so clever of me to play Camma and Letitia Hardy (the comedy part in "The Belle's Stratagem "} on the same evening. They used to say the same kind of thing, " only more so," when Henry played Jingle and Matthias in " The Bells." But I never liked doing it. A *tour da force* is always more interesting to the looker-on than to the person who is taking part in it. One feels no pride in such an achievement, which ought to be possible to any one calling himself an actor. Personally, I never play comedy and tragedy on the same night without a sense that one is spoiling the other. Harmonies are more beautiful than contrasts in acting as in other things—and more difficult, too.

Henry Irving was immensely funny as Doricourt. We had sort of Beatrice and Benedick scenes together, and I began to notice what a lot his *face* did for hirn. There have only been two faces on the stage in my time—his and Duse's.

My face has never been of much use to me, but my *face* has filled the deficiency sometimes, in comedy at any rate. In "The Belle's Stratagem." the public had face and pace together, and they seemed to like it.

There was one scene in which I sang " Where are you going to, my pretty raaid^" I used to act it all the way through and give itnitatfons- of Doricourt—ending up by chucking him under 'the chin. The house rose at it ! - < f .

I was often aslfed at thjs[time* when I went out to a party if I would faqt simg^fWt dear little song

from " The Cup/[1] When I **saidT** aldn*t think it would sound very nice without the harp, as it was only a chant on two or three notes, some one would be sure to say: " Well then, the song in * The Belle's Stratagem' ! *That* has no accompaniment 1[>f]